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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

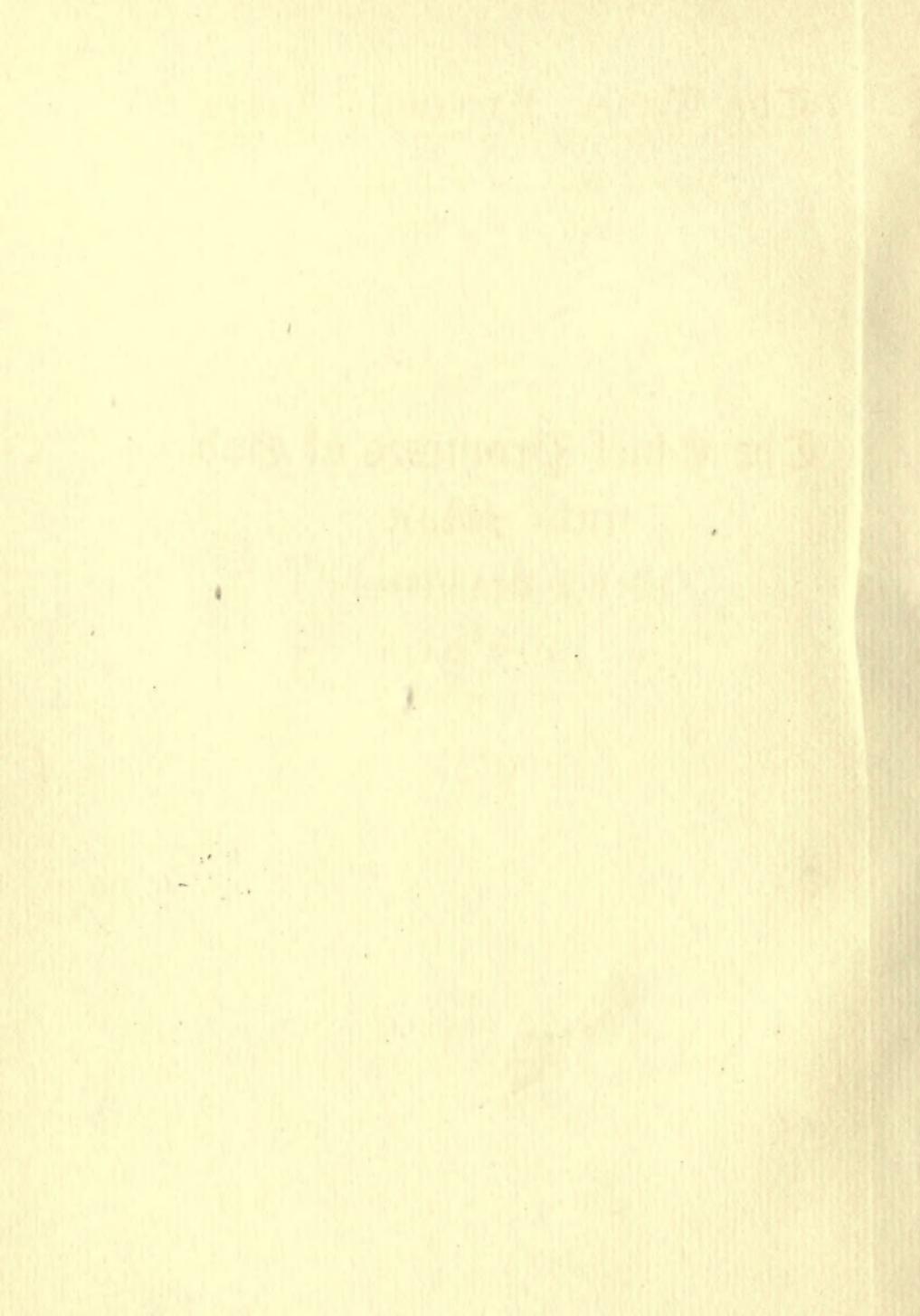
**God's Promises**

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

*Date of Original, 1538*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908*



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*  
JOHN S. FARMER

## The Chief Promises of God unto Man [God's promises]

BY JOHN BALE  
BISHOP OF OSSORY

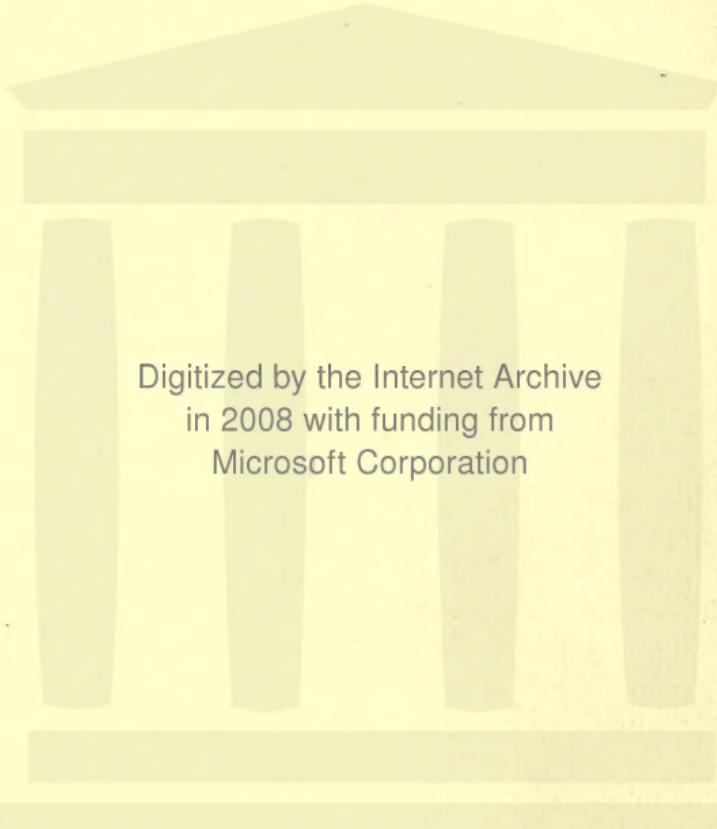
1538



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# The Chief Promises of God unto Man

## [God's promises]

BY JOHN BALE  
BISHOP OF OSSORY

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, c. 2); it is the only known copy of the first edition. It formed part of the Garrick collection, and probably it came to the famous eighteenth-century actor from the Harley library through Robert Dodsley the antiquarian bookseller, who speaks of having found it in "the Harleian Collection of Old Plays, consisting of between 600 and 700, which are now in my possession." "God's Promises" was reprinted in 1577, the first edition being so entirely forgotten by then that the new impression was described as "now fyrst imprynted." This play has been frequently reprinted in modern times.*

*John Bale—"biliois Bale"—was a notable figure in his time, a strenuous and not altogether consistent supporter and exponent of the Reformation. He was unscrupulous in attack and violent in speech. Born in 1495 he died in 1563, having, at the age of 64, confessed himself "an old and worn-out man." I have in my edition of "The*

*Dramatic Writings of John Bale*" (Early English Drama Society, 1907) dwelt at length upon the life and times of this hard-hitting acerbous prelate. To this source of reference may be added "The Dictionary of National Biography" (as a matter of course), the introduction to the facsimile reprint of Bale's "Three Laws" (Tudor Facsimile Texts), Herford's "Literary Relations of England and Germany in the 16th Century," Snell's "Age of Transition," Schroer's Introduction to "The Three Laws" (Halle, 1882), &c. &c.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that "it must not be considered one of the greatest successes" of the series. He adds, however, "it was exceptionally difficult to reproduce, no doubt." This difficulty arises, for the most part, from the mutilated and stained condition of the original: even the yellow-tinted official stamp of the British Museum has in two instances made darker what is perfectly clear in the original. To this general criticism there is little to add.

(1) Title-page, line 2, the "d" of "God" is clearer in original: as will be seen the page is mutilated, only the top half being left, mounted on a leaf of blank paper.

(2) A. ij. recto, lines 2 and 3, the last words are clearer in original: in line 2, "congr . . enc" [Congruence]; line 3, "serche of co . ." Concerning this page Mr. Herbert makes the following remark:—"Not very successful where the page has been repaired. This applies not only to this page, but also to those which follow."





(3) A. *ij.* verso, lines 3, 4, 5, 10, and 21, the obliterated words at commencement are respectively “*As*,” “*Whych*,” “*They come*,” “*And thys*,” and “*For*” [the *F* and *o* imperfect, but unmistakable].

(4) A. *iiij.* verso, line 16, the initial is “*F*” [For one].

(5) B. *i.* verso, line 21, “*For*,” top of *F* wanting, but the letter is unmistakable.

(6) B. *ijj.* verso, line 4, *Act iii.*, “*He*” is plain under stain.

(7) C. [i.] verso, line 4, there is no flaw in MS. : the mark on margin has been introduced by some flaw in printing.

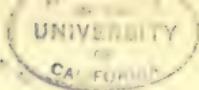
(8) C. *iv.* recto, line 4, third word, “*at*,” the “*t*” is faint in original but legible.

JOHN S. FARMER.









# A Tragedye or enterlude manyfeslyng the chefe promyses of God vnto man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Iohan Bale, Anno Domini M. D XXXVII.

John  
Samuel

1664  
1535



nde (m)  
f God







**I**f profyght maye growe, most Christe audyēce,  
By knowlege of thynges, whych are by  
sytorye,  
And here for a tyme, Of moch more cō  
Aduantage myght spryngē, by the seru  
ses heauenlye.

As those matters are, that the Gospell specyfye,  
Without whose knowledge, no man to the truche  
Nor ener atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not, the lyuyngē God eternall,  
The father, the sonne, and also the holye Ghost,  
And what Christ suffered, for redempcyon of vs all,  
What he commaunded, and caught in every coost,  
And what he forbode. That man must nedes be lost,  
And cleane secludē, from the faythfull chosen sorte,  
In the heauens aboue, to hys most hygh dysconfor-

Pow therfor (good fryndes) I louyngel,  
To waye soche matters, as wyll be vicerēd h̄  
Of whomē ye maye late, to haue no tryfelin  
In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyke gaudys h̄  
But the thynges that shall, your inwardē stoma  
To reioyce in God, for your justyfycacyon,  
And alone in Christ, to hope for your saluacyon.

Yea, first ye shall haue, the eternall generacyon,  
Of Christ lyke as Johan, in hys first chapi - wryghte,  
And consequentlye, of man the first creacyon,  
The abuse and fall, through hys first onersyghe,  
And therayse agayne, through Gods hygh grace & myḡ  
By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,  
Then by hys owne sonne, the worter pryncypall.

After that Adam, by wayleth here hys fall,  
God wyll shewe mercye, to every generacyon.

And to hys kyngedome, of hys greit goodnessse call,  
Hys eleced spouse, or saythfull congregacyon,  
In hem shall apere, by open protestacyon,  
From Chirstes birthe, shall to hys deathe conclude,  
One that therof, wyl shewe the certeynide,

Pater celestis.

¶ the begynnyng, before the heauens were  
create,

In me and of me, was my sonne sempyternall.  
With the holy Ghost, in one degré or estate,  
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the facher coequall.  
As my sonne was, with me one God effencyall.

but separacyon, at any tyme  
Shad he it, of equall dignesse.

as the begynnyng, my sonne hath ever be,  
thy sacher, in one essencyall beyng.

we creare, by hym in yche degré,

Seache, and haue their dyuerse wortyng.

power, was never made anye thyuge,

wrought. But through hys ordynaunce  
be hys strenght, and whole contynuance.  
In hym is the lyfe, and the iust reconeraunce  
Adam and hys whych nought but deache deserved.

Adam and hys whych nought but teache descreued.  
And thus lyke to men is our breth perseruance.

And thy syfe to men, is an hygh p[er]f[ect]e anice,  
Ais leight offayre, wherby they shall be saued.

And thy lyght shall shene, amonge the people darkened.

With vsaychfullnesse: Yet shall they not with hym take,  
But of wylfull herte, by slyberall grace for sake.

Whych wyll compell me, agaynſt man ſor to make,

In my dyspleasure. And sende plages of coreccyon.

Most greouise and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to late,

13





By water and fyre, by sydennesse and infeccyon,  
Of spechlyent sores, molestynge hys compleccyon  
By troublouse warre, by derthe and peynefull fearenesse,  
And after thys lyfe, by an extreme heawynesse,

I wyl sit, I begynne, wiþ Adam for hys lewdenesse,  
Whych for an apple, negleced my commaundement.  
He shall contynue, in laboure for hys rashenesse,  
Hys ony esweate shall, pronyde hys food and rayment,  
Yea, yet mast he hane, a greater pomysshment,  
Most eryble deathe, shall bryng hym to hys ende,  
To teache hym how he, hys lorde God, shall offend.

Hic præcepit in terram eadit Adamus, ac post quartum  
uersum denuo resurgit;

O O H Adam primus homo;

Mercyfullfather, thy pytiefull grace extende,  
To me carefull wretche, whych haue mesore abused,  
Thy precept brekyng, O lorde, I mynde to amende,  
If thy great goodnesse, wolde now hane me excused,  
Als heauenlye maker, lete me not be refusyd,  
Nor cast from thy syghe, for one pore synnefull cry,  
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

Pater cœlestis.

I wote it ia so, yet art thu no lesse faultye,  
Tha thu haddyst bene made, of materre moch more worthye,  
I gaue the reason, and wyte to vnderstande,  
The good from the euyll. And not to take on hande,  
Of a braynelesse mynde, the chynge whych I forbad the.

Adam primus homo;

Soch heawye fortune, hich chesfelye chaunced me,  
For that I wasleſt, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cœlestis.

Goþ. heawyc fort.

A. iii.

The

Then thu art blamelesse, and the faulce thu layest to me.  
Adam primus homo,

Naye, all I ascribe, to my owne imbecyllyte,  
No faulce in the lorde, but in my infirmyte,  
And want of respect, in soche gystes as thu gauest me.  
Pater cœlestis,

For that I put the, at thyne owne lyberte,  
Thu oughtest my goodnesse, to haue in more regarde.  
Adam primus homo.

Anoyde ic I can not, thu layest it to me so harde.  
Lordenow I perceyue, what power is in man,  
And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is absente.  
He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,  
And daunger hymselfe, as ap reth euydent.  
For I synned not, so longe as thu were present.  
But whan thu were gone, I fell to synne by and by,  
And the dyspleased. Good lorde I axe the mercy,  
Pater cœlestis.

Thu shale dye for it, with all thy posteryte.  
Adam primus homo;

Ne faulce good lorde, auenge not thy self on me,  
But a worme, or a fleschelye vanyte.  
Pater cœlestis;

I saye thu shale dye, with thy whole posteryte.  
Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy swete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be,  
Pater cœlestis

I am immutabile, I maye change no decree,  
Thu shale dye (I saye) without anye remedye,  
Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouse father, extende to me thy mercye,  
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thu hast create,  
To thyne owne Image, But auert from me thy hate,  
Pater





Præsentis Tragedie.

Pater celestis

But art thou sorye, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyspleasure is, to me most beauyaे smare,

Pater celestis

Than wyll I tell the, what thu shalt stycke vno,  
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me swete lorde, that I maye therafter go,

Pater celestis

Thys ys my couenaunte, to the and all thy offrynges,  
For that thu hast bene, deceyued by the serpent,  
I wyll put hatred, betwixt hym for hys doynges,  
And the woman kynde. They shal herafter dysseue,  
Hys sede with her sede, shal never hane agrement,  
Her sede shal presse downe, hys heade vnto the grounde,  
Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde,  
Cleane to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,  
Fyrmelye enclose it, in thy remembraunce fast,  
Sode it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,  
And thy saluacyon, it wyll be at the last!  
That sede shal clere the, of all thy wyckednesse past,  
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syghe,  
Se thu trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyse, that thy selfhere hath made me,  
Of thy mere goodnessse, and not of my deseruynges,  
In my faythe I trust, shal so establyshed be,  
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynynges,  
So longe as I shall hane here contynuynges,  
And shewe it I wyll, to my posteryte,  
That they in lyke case, hane therby felycyte,

Pater celestis.

for

Actus primus

For a closyng vp, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo,

At thy pleasure lorde, all thynges myght cuer be,

Pater celestis

For that my promyse, maye haue the deper effect,  
In the saythe of the, and all thy generacyon.  
Take thys sygne with it, as a seale, therto connect,  
Crepes shall the Serpent, for hys abhomynacyon.  
The woman shall sorowe, in paynefull propagacyon.  
Like as thu shalte synde, thys true in out warde wortyng.  
So thynke the other, thongh it be an hydden thyng.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunte praysyng, to the most heauenlye lorde,  
For thys thy socoure, and vnderserued kyndenesse.  
Thubyndest me in hart, thy gracyouse gystes to recordes,  
And to beare in mynde, now after my heauynesse,  
The brute of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladnesse.  
Thudysdaynesse not, as wele apereth thys daye,  
To fatche to thy folde, thy first shepe goyng a straye.  
Most myghtye maker, thu castest not yet awaye,  
Thy synnefull fernauant, whych hath done most offence.  
It is not thy mynde, for ever I shuld decaye,  
But thu reseruest me, of thy benyvolence,  
And hast prouyded, for me a recompence,  
By thy appoyntment, like as I haue receyued,  
It, thy stronge promyse, here opeulye pronounced.

Thys goodnessse dere lorde, of me is vndescrened,  
Iso declynyng, from thy first inslytacyon,  
At so lyght mocyons, To one that thus hathswerned,  
What a lorde art thu, to gene soche rettybucyon:  
I damnable wretche, deserued execucion,  
Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,

an





¶. itemis fragilitate  
And to be put out, of all good memorie.

I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye,

An ympe though I be, of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,

Through my owne wortynge, for I consydre thy mercye,

And pytiefull mynde, for my whole generacyon,

It is thu swete lorde, that wortest my saluacyon,

And my recover. Therfor of a congruence,

From hens thu must haue, my hart and obedyence,

Thought I be mortall, by reason of my offence,

And shall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted,

Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,

At a serten daye, agayne to be renyued.

From grounde of my hart, thysshall not be remoued,

I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyllsynge,

Thys Antheme to hym, that my saluacyon shall brynge.

Tunc sonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O

Sapientia, Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis,

eo interim exeunte,

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.

Deternal Sapience, that procedest from the mouthe of  
hyghest, reachinge fourth with a great power fro the begyn-  
nyng to the ende, with heauenlye swetnesse dysposynge all  
creatures, come now and enstruc vs the true waye of thy  
godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus,

B pater

Actus recunqus.

Pater cœlestis

**G**Haue bene moned, to stryke man dyuerselye,  
Sens I lefte Adam, in thy s same earthly mansyon,  
For whye he hath done, to me dyspleasures manye,  
And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,  
No respect hath he, to my wrode nor monycyon.  
But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete aduysement,  
And wyll in no wyse, take myne aduertysement.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,  
Whose bloude from the earthe, doth call to me for vengeance  
My children with mennis, so carnallye consent,  
That their vayne workyng, is vnto me moche greuaunce,  
Mankynde is but fleshe, in hys whole dallyaunce,  
All vynce increaseth, in hym contynallye,  
Nothinge he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorye.

My hart abhorreth, hys wylfull myserye,  
Hys cankered malyce, hys cursed couetousenesse,  
Hys lustes, lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,  
Unmercyfull mourther, and other vngodlynesse.  
I wyll destroye hym, for hys outragyousnesse,  
Id not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere,  
It repenteþ me, that euer I made them here.

Iustus Noah.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beare  
Man is thy creature, thy selfe can not saye naye.  
Though thuponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,  
Hys faulter to knowledg, yet seke not hys decaye,  
Thu mayest reclayme hym, though he goeth now astray,  
And bryng hym agayne of thy abundaunce grace,  
To the folde offaythe, he acknowledgyng hys trespace.

Pater cœlestis,

Thu knowest I haue gauen, to hym conuenyent space,  
With





præsentis Tragedie;

With lanfull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.  
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,  
He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttynge a parte,  
Of helthe the couenant, whych I to Adam made,  
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade,

Iustus Noah,

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reprove,  
Lete hys weakenesse yet, thy mercyfull goodnesse moue.  
Pater cœlestis.

No weakenesse is it, but wylfull workyng all,  
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.  
He shall haue therfor, lyke as he hath deserued,

Iustus Noah

Lose hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye swerved,  
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudenesse,  
Beynge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.  
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodnesse,  
And measure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.  
Esteime not hys faulte, farder than helpe maye be,  
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,  
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.

Of all goodnesse lorde, remembre thy great mercye,  
To Adam and Eve, breakyng thy first commaundement.  
Them thu releuedest, with thy swete promyse heauenlye,  
Synnefull though they were, and their lyues neglygent.  
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,  
And wyl be ever, so longe as the worlde endure,  
Than close not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.  
Beynge thy subiect, he is vndreneth thy cure,  
Correct hym thu mayest, and so bryng hym to grace.  
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,  
Bytter deathe to gene, or grauntes most suffren solace.

B ii Vterelye

Actus Secundus

Offerlye from man, auerte not then thy face,  
But lete hym sauere, thy swete benyuolence,  
Sumwhat though he sele, thy hande for hys offences

Pater cœlestis.

My true seruante Noah, thy ryghteousnesse doth moue me,  
Sumwhat to reserue, for mannys posteryte.  
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I saue the lynes,  
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iiii. sonnes and their wyues,  
And of yche lyne two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iustus Noah.

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull makers  
With the to dyspute, it were vnconuenyent.

Pater cœlestis.

Whye doest thou saye so: Be bolde to speke thy intent.

Iustus Noah,

Shall the other dye, without anye remedyes

Pater cœlestis,

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye;  
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,  
And feare to offend me, my goodnesse daye and houre.

Iustus Noah.

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,  
For my helthe thou art, and sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis.

After that thys floude, haue had hys ragynge passage,  
Thys shall be to the, my couenant euerlastynge.  
The sees and waterns, so farre nevermore shall rage,  
As all fleshe to drowne, I wyll so tempre their wortynge,  
Thys sygne wyll I adde, also to confirme the thyng,  
In the cloudes aboue, as a seale or token clere,  
For sanegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere,  
Take thou thys couenant for an ernest confirmacyon,

¶





Præsentis Tragedie,

Of my former promyse, to Adams generacyon.

Iustus Noah,

I wyll blessed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde,

Pater celestis,

Farewele than iust Noah, here leaue I the behynde,

Iustus Noah,

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,

I must gene the prayse, from the bottom of my hart,

Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & saluacyone

But thy great mercye and goodnesse vndeserved,

Thy promyse in faythe, is our iustysfacyon,

As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin rested,

And as it was theirs, whych therin also trusted,

Thys faythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,

And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye,

Saythe in that promyse, Olde Adam ded iustysfye,

In that promyse saythe, made Eva to prophecye,

Saythe in that promyse, proued Abel innocent,

In that promyse saythe, made Seth full obedyente,

That saythe taught Enoes, on Gods name first to call,

And made Mathusalah, the oldeſt man of all,

That fayth brought Enoch, to so hygh eyeroyse,

That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyſe,

Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,

And all hys offsprynge, to peryshe in the flood,

Saythe in that promyse, preserved boch me and myne,

So wyll it all them, whych folowe the ſame lyne.

Not onlye thyſgyſte, thu haſt geuen me ſweete lorde,

But with it also, thyne euerlastynge couenant,

Ofruſe for euer, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,

Nevermore to drowne, the worlde by floude inconstant,

Matyng the waters, more peaceable and plesaunte,

B iii Alac



Actus tertius.

Alac I can not, to the gene prayse condygne,  
Yet wyll I synge here, with harte meke and betygne.  
Magnatunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor,  
Ecce, in genua cadens, Quam chorus prolequetur cum  
organis, ut supra.

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono,

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempit  
ernal bryghtnesse. O clere sunne of iustyce and heauenlye  
ryghtousnesse, come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, sytyn  
ge now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe.  
Finit actus secundus,

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater coelestis,

Myne hygh dyspleasure, must nedes returne to man,  
Consyderynge the synne, that he doth daye by daye:  
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,  
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye,  
But styll in myschefe, he walketh to hys decaye,  
If he do not sone, hys wyckednesse consydre,  
He is lyke doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre;

In my syght he is, more venym than the spyder  
Through soch abuses, as he hath exercysed,  
From the tyme of Noah, to thys same season hyder.  
An uncomelye acte, without shame Cham commysed,  
Whan he of hys father, the secrete partes reueled.  
In lyke case Ilenrod, agaynst me wrought abusyon  
As he raysed vp the castell of confusyon,  
Uetus hath also, and all by the deuyls illusyon,  
Through vimage makinge, vp raysed Idolatrye,  
We go dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,  
The byle Sodomites, lyue so unnaturallye

That





Præsentis Tragedie.

That their synne vengeaunte, ageth contynuallye;  
For my couenauntes sake, I wyll not drowne with water,  
Yet shall I vysyte, thir synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre,  
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes,  
And lose not the sowles, of men in so great nombre,  
But sauе thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete goodness,  
I wote thymercyes, are plentyfull and endles,  
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy selfenduryng,  
Thys hath faythe fixyd, fast in my vnder standyng.

Pater celestis.

Abraham my seruaunt, for thy most faythfull meanynges,  
Both thu and thy stocke, shall hauie my plentouse blesynges,  
Where the vnsaythfull, vndre my curse evermore,  
For their vayne workyng, shall rewre their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me blessed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyghe,  
My hope is, all fleshe, shall not perysh in thy syghe.

Pater celestis.

No trulye Abraham, thu chaunceſt vpon the ryght,  
The thyng I ſhall do, I wyll not hyde from the,  
Whome I haue blesyed, for thy true fydelyte,  
For I knowe thu wylt, cauſe both thy chyldren & seruauntes,  
In my wayes to walke, and truſt vnto my couenauntes,  
That I maye perfourme, with the my ernest promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assayſtence of thy goodnes.

Pater celestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call,  
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.  
Wylde fyre and brymſtone, ſhall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

Abraham fidelis.

Pytefull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,  
Cast not awaie yet, the iust sort with the vngodlye.  
Parauenture there maye, be fyftee ryghteouse persones,  
Within those cyties, wylt thu lose them all at ones  
And not spare the place, for those fyftee ryghteouse sakes  
Be it farre from the, soch rygoure to vndertake.

I hope there is not, in the so cruell hardenesse,  
As to cast awaie, the iust men with the rechelesse,  
And so to destroye, the good with the vngodlye,  
In the iudge of all, be never soche a furye,

Pater cœlestis.

At Sodom if I maye fynde iust persones fyftee,  
The place wyll I spare, for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to speake here in thy presence,  
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence.  
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende,

Pater cœlestis:

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll dost thu non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be, fyue lesse in the same nombre,  
For their sakes I trust, thu wylt not the rest accombre:

Pater cœlestis

If I amonge them, myght fynde but fyne and fortye  
Them wolde I not lose, for that iust cumpayne.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteouse make:

Pater cœlestis

Then wyll I pardone it, for those same fortys sake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye lorde, though I speake vndysecretelye.

Pater





Præsentis Tragedie;

Pater cœlestis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis,

Parauenure there maye, be thirty founde amonoge them.

Pater cœlestis

Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothynge do vnto them:

Abraham fidelis,

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy syghte

Pater cœlestis,

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryghte.

Abraham fidelis,

No lesse I suppose, than twenty can it haue?

Pater cœlestis,

Coulde I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I saue,

Abraham fidelis,

Ones yet wyll I speake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœlestis,

Spare not to vtter, so moche as thu hast in store.

Abraham fidelis,

And what if theremyghte, be y. good creatures founde?

Pater cœlestis,

The rest for their sake, myght so be safe and sounde,

And not destroyed, for their abhomynacyon,

Abraham fidelis,

O mercyfull maker, moche ia thy tolleracyon,

And sufferaunce of synne. I se it now in dede,

Witsane yet of fader, out of those cyties to leade,

Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

Pater cœlestis,

Lord hand hys howsholde, I wyll delyuer all,

For ryghteousnesse sake, whiche is of me and not them,

Abraham fidelis.

Actus Tertius,

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.  
Pater celestis,

Well Abrah am well, for thy true fayre fulnes,  
Now wyll I gene the, my couenant or thirde promes,  
Loke thu beleue it, as thu couerystryghtuousnesse.

Abraham fidelis.

Lorde so regarde me, as I receyue it with gladnesse.  
Pater celestis

If manye peoples, the farther I wyll make the,  
All generacyons, in thy sede shall be blesyd.  
As the flaries of heauen, so shall thy kyngyd be,  
And by the same sede, the worlde shall be redressed,  
In cyrcumcysyon, shall thys thynge be expressed,  
As in a sure seale, to poure my promyse true,  
Pynct thys in thy saythe, and it shall thy soule r:ue.

Abraham fidelis.

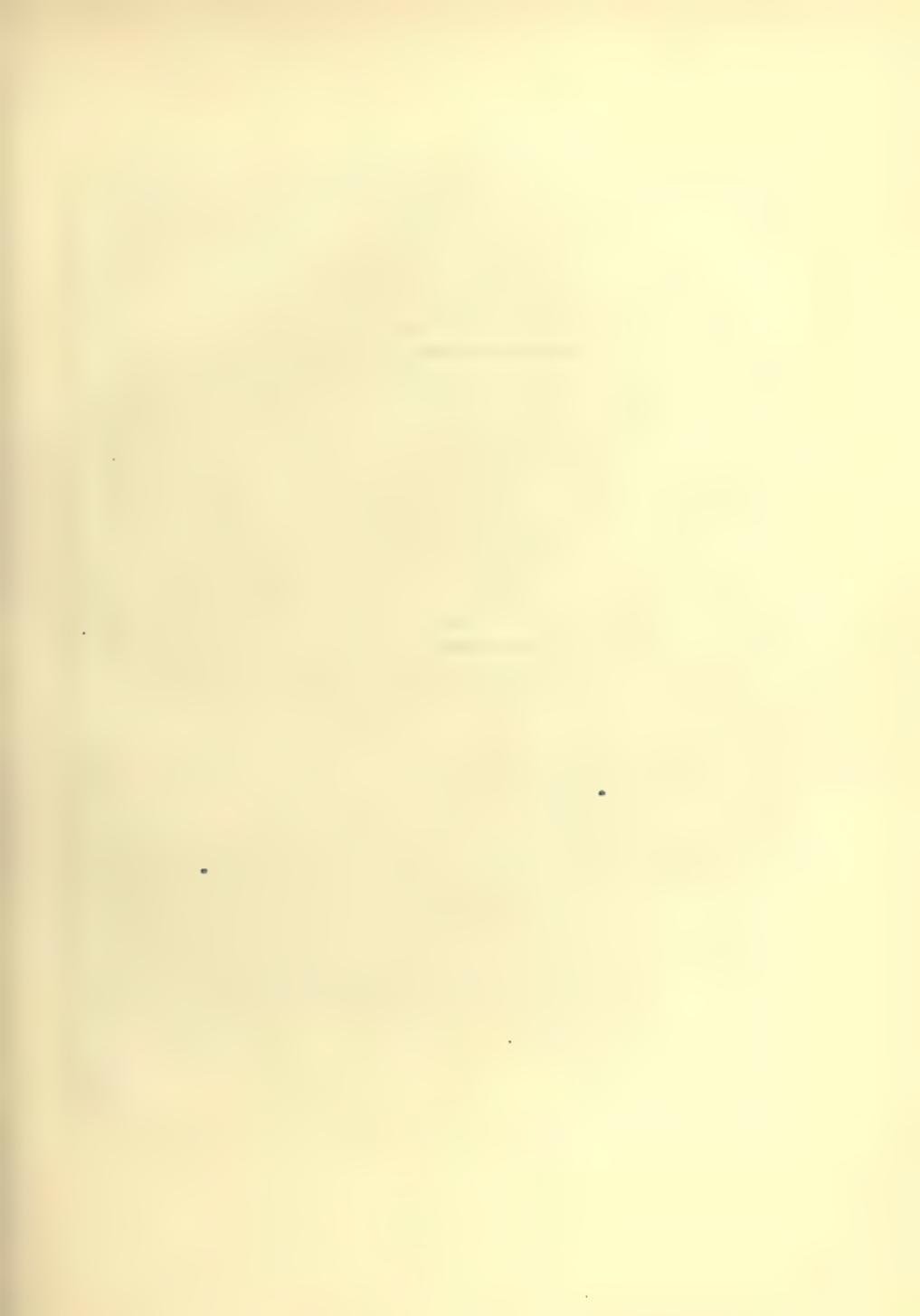
I wyll not one Iore, Lorde from thy wyllyngement,  
But to thy pleasure, be alwayes obedyent,  
Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaundement.

Pater celestis

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leue the,  
Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behoue me.  
Euerlastynge prayse, to thy most gloryouse name,  
Whych sauedyst Adā, through faythe in thy swete promes,  
Of the womannys sede. And now confirimest the same,  
In the sede of me. So soch great is thy goodnes  
I can not perceyne, but that thy mercye is endles,  
To soch as feare the, in every generacyon,  
For it endureth, without abreyacyon.  
Thys haue I prynct in depe consyderacyon,  
No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde.

for





For ones it wyll be, the fynall restauracyon,  
Of Adam and Eve, with other that hath synde,  
Yea, the sure helthe, and rayse of all mankynde.  
Helpe haue the faythfull, therof, though they be infect,  
They condempnacyon, where as it is reject.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,  
That it maye breake out, in some swete prayse to the,  
And suffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,  
But lete me shewe forth, thy commendacyons fre,  
Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geue them lyverte,  
To sounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,  
And in it rejoyce, with harte melodyouse.

Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro cano  
dem prosequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel  
Anglice hoc modo,

O most myghtye gounour, of thy people, and in harte  
most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner ston, that of  
two maketh one, mynge the Jewes with the gentyles in one  
churche, come now and releue mankynde whom thu hast foun-  
ded of the vyle earthe.

Finis actus tertius.

Incipit actus Quartus,

Pater ecelestis,

Tyll so increaseth, the wyckednesse of man,  
That I am moved, with plages hym to confounde,  
Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,  
Yet he regardeth me, nomore than doth an hounde.  
My worde and promyse, in hys faythe takeh no grounde,  
Ne wyll so longe walke, in hys owne lustes at large,  
That nought he shal fynde, hys folye to dyscharge.

C ii Sens

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elec.  
Ismael haue I founde, boch wycked, fearece, and cruell,  
And Esau in mynde, with hatefull muther infect,  
The sonnes of Jacob, to lustes vnnaturall fell,  
And into Egypce, ded they their brother sell,  
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,  
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyalence.  
Ruben abused hys fathers concubynce,  
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne doughter in lawe.  
Yea, her in my syght, went after a wycked lyne,  
Hys sede Onanspyle, hys brother's name to withdrawe,  
Achan lyned here, without all godlye awe.  
And now the chyldren, of Israell abuse my powre,  
In so vyle maner, that they moue me eurye howre.

Moses sanctus,

Pacyfy thy wrath, swete lorde I the desyre,  
As ebu are gentyll, beynigne and pacyent.  
Lose not that people, in fearenesse of thyne yre,  
For whom thu hast shewed, soche tokens euydent,  
Conuertyng thys rodde, into a luyelye serpent,  
And the same serpent, into thys rodde agayne,  
Thy wonderfull power, dekläryste very playne,  
For their sakes also, puttest Pharaon to Payne,  
By een dyuerse plages, as I shall here declare,  
By blonde, frogges, & lyce, by flyes, deach, botche, & blayne,  
By haxles, by grassoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.  
By a Soden plage, all their firstgotten ware,  
Thu stonest in one nyght, for hys fearece cruellnesse.  
From that thy people, withholde not now thy goodnesse.

Pater ccelestis.

I cellyfy the, my chosen seruaunt Moses,

That





That people of myne is full of vnhankefulnes.

Moses sanctus.

Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weakenes.  
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteouesnesse.  
In a flamynge bushe, hauyng to them respect,  
Thu appoyntedest me, their passage to direct,  
And throughe the reade see, thy ryght hande ded vs lede,  
Where Pharaoes host, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.  
Thu wentest before them, in a shynynge cloude all daye,  
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu shewedest their waye,  
Thu sentest them Manna, from heauen to be their food,  
Out of the harde stone, thu gauest them water good.  
Thu appoyntedest them, a lande of mylke and honye,  
Let them not perysh, for want of thy great mercye,

Pater coelestis,

Content they are not, with foule uor yet with fayres,  
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre,  
As I sent Manna, they had it in dysdayne,  
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne,  
Ouer Amalech, I gaue them the vcttorye,

Moses sanctus.

Most gloriouse maker, all that is to thy glorie.  
Thu sentest them also, a lawe from heauen above,  
And daylye shewedest them, manye tokens of great lone.  
The brasen serpent, thu gauest them for their healyng,  
And Balaams curse, thu turnedest into a blesynge,  
I hope thu wylt not, dysdayne to helpe them styll,

Pater coelestis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll,  
Nor yet knowledge me, for their God and good lorde,  
So do their vyle bedes, with their wycked hartes accord,  
Whyls thu hast talked, with me fainlyarlye.

ountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,  
ghies all, they haue forgotten clerelye,  
are turned, to shamefull ydolatrye,  
For their God they haue sett vp a golden calfe.

Moses sanctus,

Lete me sayesumwhat, swete father in their behalfe:  
Pater cœlestis:

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde,  
For that I haue founde, that people so vntynde,  
Not one of them shall enioye the promyse of me,  
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

Moses sanctus,

Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfylled be,  
For dysobedyence, thu slewest the sonnes of Aaron,  
The earthe swollowed in, both Dathan and Abiron,  
The adders ded stynge, other wycked persones els,  
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thu ponnyshed rebels;

Pater cœlestis.

Never wyll I spare, the cursed inyquyte,  
Of ydolatrye, for no cause, thu mayst trust me.

Moses sanctus,

Forgene them yet lorde, for thys tyme if it may be.

Pater cœlestis.

Thynkest thu that I wyll, so sone change my decre?  
No, no, frynde Moses, so lyght thu shalt not synde me,  
I wyll ponnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

Moses sanctus,

I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,  
Worshyppynge false goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,  
Yet mercyfullye, thu mayest vpon them loke.  
And if thu wylt not, thrust me out of thy boke.

Pater cœlestis,

Those





Præsentis Tragediae,

Those great blasphemers shall out of my boke cleane,  
But chusshalt not so, for I knowe what thu doest meare.  
To iduce my people, myne Angell shall assy st the,  
That synne a: a daye, wyll not vncorrected be.  
A id for the true zele, that thu to my people hast,  
I adde thys couenant, vnto my promyses past.

Arise them vp I wyll, a prophete from amon ge them,  
No: onlyke to the, to speake my wordes vnto them,  
Who so he areth not, that he shall speake in my name,  
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall shame.  
The pisse ouer lambe, wyll be a token iust,  
Of hys stronge couenant. Thys hane I clerelye dyscuse,  
In my appoyntement, thys houre for your delyuerance.  
Moses sanctus;

Neuer shall thys thyng, depart from my remembrance,  
Laide be for ener, to the most mercyfull lorde,  
Whch neuer with drawest, from man thy heauenlye cōfort,  
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth record,  
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.  
As we fynde thy grace, soonght we to report.  
And doublesse it is, to vs most bounteouse,  
Yea, for all our synnts, most rype and plenteouse,  
Abraham our facher, founde the benyolouse,  
So ded good Isaac, in hys dystresse amon ge,  
To Jacob thu wer, a gyde most gracyouse,  
Joseph tha saudest, from daungerouse deadlye wronge,  
Micchisedech and Job, felte thy great goodnesse stronge,  
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and fayre Rachel,  
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Ragueel.

To prayse the swete lorde, my faythe doth me compell,  
For thy couenantes sake, wherin rest our saluacyon.  
The sede of promyse, all other sedes exell,

for

Actus Quartus.

For therin remayneth, our full instyscacyon,  
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.  
That sede procureth, Gods myghty grace and powre,  
For the same sedes sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam  
chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis,  
Vel Anglice canat,

O hygh Eynge Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe ex-  
pectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghty sauuer of their mul-  
titude, the helthe and consolacyon of synners, come now for  
to sauue vs, as our lorde and our redemer.

Finit actus Quartus,

Incipit actus quintus.

Pater celestis,

For all the fauer, I haue shewed Israell,  
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyranny,  
And geuyng the lande, fluentem lac & mel,  
Yet wyll she not leauue, her oldeydolatry,  
Nor knowe me for God, I abhorre her mysterye,  
Deyed her I hane, with battayles and decayes,  
Syll must I plague her, I se non other wayes.

David rex pius.

Remembre yet lorde, thy worthye seruaunt Moses,  
Walkynge in thy syghte, without rebuke of the,  
Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,  
Euermore feared, to offend thy mageste.  
Moch thu acceptest, thy seruaunt Iosue,  
Caleb and Othoniel, songht the with all their harte,  
Aioch and Sangar, for thy folke ded their part.  
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to smart,

Jayt





pralentis Tragedie,

Jayr and Jephete, gaue prayses to thy named  
These to leaue ydolles, thy people ded coart,  
Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.  
Samuel and Nathan, thy messages ded proclaime,  
What though feare Pharaeo, wrough myschef in thy syght?  
He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.

I wrote the Beniamytes, abused the wayes of ryghe,  
Sodec Helyes sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.  
Saul in hys offyce, was slouthfull daye and nyght,  
Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.  
Measure not by them, the faultes of Israel,  
Whom thu hast loued, of longe tyme so interlye,  
But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye.

Pater ccelestis.

I can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrye,  
Though I shuld suffer, all other vyllanye.  
Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall,  
To the worshypynge of Astaroth and Baal,  
Full vncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

David rex pius;

For it they haue had, thy ryghteouse ponyshment,  
And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly consent,  
To the Palestynes, and Chananytes vngodlye,  
Idolaters takyng, to them in matrimonye,  
Thu therwest them vndre, the kynge of Mesopotamye,  
After thu subduedst them, for their Idolatrye.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,  
And xv. years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,  
Oppressed they were, vii. years of the Madyanytes,  
And xviii. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes.  
In iii. great battayles, of iii. score thousand and fyue,  
Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyue.

D

Hauie

Actus Quintus.

Hau mercye now lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater celestis.

So lōge as they synne, so lōge shall they haue greuāce.  
David my seruaunte, sum what must I saye to the,  
For that thu lacye, hast wronȝt soch vanyte.

David rex pius.

Spare not blessed lorde, but saye thy pleasure to me.

Pater celestis.

Of late dayes thu hast my sused Bersabe,  
The wyfe of Drie, and slayne hym in the fylde.

David rex pius.

Mercye lorde mercye, for doubleesse I am defyelde:

Pater celestis

I constytute the a kynge ouer Israel,  
And the preserued, from Saul whiche was thy enemye,  
Yea, in my fauer, so moch thu dedyst eycell,  
That of thy enemyes, I gane the vycotrye.  
Palestynes and Syryanes, to the came trybutarye,  
Why hast thou then wrought, soch folye in my syght,  
Despylyng my worde, agaynst all godlye ryght.

David rex pius.

I haue synned lorde, I besyche the, pardon me.

Pater celestis.

Thu shalt not dye David, for thyss innyquyte,  
For thy repentaunce, But thy sonne by Bersabe,  
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blasphemed,  
Amonge my enemyes, and thu the worse esteemed.  
From thy howse for thyss, the swerde shall not depart.

David rex pius.

I am sorye lorde, from the bottom of my hart,

Pater celestis.

To further anger, thu doest me yet compell.

David

Brin.  
Vol. 1.  
fol. 25





David rex pius.

For what matter lord I besyche thy goodnesse tell.

Pater coelestis,

Why dedest thu numbre, the people of Israele  
Supposeth in thy mynde, therin thu hast done well.

David rex pius.

I can not saye naye, but I haue done vndyscreately,  
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye,

Pater coelestis,

Thu shalt of these iij. chose whych plague thu wylt haue,  
For that synnesfull acte, that I thy sowle maye saue.  
A scarfenesse viij. years, or els ij. monthes exyle,  
Byther for iiiij. dayes, the pestylence most vyle,  
For one thu must haue, there is no remedye.

David rex pius.

Lorde at thy pleasure, for thu art full of mercy,

Pater coelestis,

Of a pestylence, then ij. score thousand and ten,  
In ij. dayes shall dye of thy most puysant men.

David rex pius.

Oh lorde, it is I, whych haue offendyd thy grace,  
Spare them and not me, for I haue done the trespace.

Pater coelestis,

Though thy synnes be great, thy inward hartes coirycyon,  
Doth moue my stomaek, in wonderfull condycyon,  
I fynde the a man, accordyng to my hart,  
Wherfor thys promyse, I make the ere I depart.

A frute there shall come, forth yssuyng from thy bodye,  
Whom I wyll aduaunce, vpon thy seate for ever.  
Hys trone shall become, a seate of heauenlye glorye,  
Hys worthy sceptre, from ryght wyll not dysseuer,  
Hys happye kyngedome, of saythe, shall peryshe never.

Actus quintus.

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor pryncypall,  
And wyll contynue, though they do periysh all.  
Thys sygne shalthe haue, for a token specyall,  
That thu mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.  
Where thu hast mynded, for my memor yall,  
To buylde a temple, thu shalthe not fynyshe truelye:  
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthye,  
In token that Christ, must fynyshe euery chynge,  
That I haue begunne, to my prayse euerlastynge.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorye, to the, most heauenlye kynge,  
For that thu hast gauen, contynuall vctorye,  
To me thy seruaunt, euer sens my annoyntynge,  
And also before, by manye conquestes worthye,  
A beare and lyon, I slewe throughe thy strengthonlye,  
I slewe Golias, whych was vi. cubites longe.  
Agaynst thy enemyes, thu madest me euer stronge.  
My fleshye fraylenesse, made me do deadlye wronge,  
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.  
And thowh thu vysytedest, my synnefulnesse amonge,  
With pestylent plages, and other vnquyntnesse.  
Yet never tokest thu, from me the plenteuousnesse,  
Of thy godly sprete, whych thu in me dedyst plane.  
I hauyng remorte, thy grace coulde never want,  
For in conclusyon, thy euerlastynge conenaunt.  
Thu gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne.  
And hast promyssed here, by protestacyon constaunt,  
That one of my seide, shall soch hygh fortane wyne,  
As never ded man, sens thys worlde ded begynne.  
By hys power he shall, put Sathan from hys holde,  
In reioyce wherof, to syng wyll I be bolde.

Canora





Canora uoce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Quam  
(ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis,  
Velsic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faylhfull howse of Is-  
rael, whych sumtyme aperedes in the flamynge bushe to Mo-  
ses, and to hym dedest gene a lawe in mounte Syne, come  
now forto redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryghte hande.

Finit actus Quintus,

Incipit actus sextus.

Pater celestis,

**G**roughte vp chyldren, from their first infancye,  
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.  
**G**anoyme knoweth hys lorde, an aise hys masters dewtye,  
But Israell wyll not, knowe me nor my condycyons,  
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,  
Vnnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,  
Pronoketh me to hate, by their ydolatries.  
Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,  
In vayne ye offer, your sacryfye to me.  
Dyscontent I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,  
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offerynges se.  
I abhore your fastes, and your solemnyte,  
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a part,  
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaias propheta,

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,  
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.  
Her lyfe is vnhast, her actes be very hurtefull,  
Her murther and theft, hath darkened her renowne.  
Couetous rewardes, doth so their consyience drowne,

D 111 That

That the fatherlesse, they wyll not helpe to ryghe,  
The poore wydowes cause, come not afore their syghe,  
Thy peceable pathes, sete they neyther daye nor nyghte,  
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantasye.  
Coniuerth their hertes lorde, and gene them thy true lyghte,  
That they maye perceyue, their customeable folye,  
Leaue them not helpelesse, in so depe myserye,  
But call them from it, of thy most spacyall grace,  
By thy true prophetes, to their sowles helthe and solace;

Pater celestis

First they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,  
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes.  
Now haue they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,  
And wyll in no wyse, my plesaunt lawes fulfyll.  
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles worshypynge,  
From the vyle begger, to the annoynted kyng.

Elaias Propheta,

For that cause thu hast, in two deuyded them,  
In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem,  
The kyng of Juda, in Hierusalem ded dwell,  
And in Samaria, the kyng of Israel.  
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,  
And the other two, were Hierosolymytanes.

In both these cuntryes, accordynge to their doynges,  
Thy permyttest them, to haue most cruell kynges,  
The first of Juda, was wycked kyng Roboam,  
Of Israel the first, was that cruell Hieroboam.  
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,  
Then Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Ioram and Achab.  
Then Ochosias, then Athalia, then Joas,  
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas.  
To rehearce them all, that haue done wretchedlye.

In





Præsentis Tragedie.  
In the syght of heiret were longe verelye.

Pater cœlestis.

For the wycked synne, of sylthye ydolatrye,  
Whych the y. trybes ded, in the lande of Samarye,  
In spaze of one daye, fiftie thousand men I slew,  
Thre of their ctyies, also I ouerthrew,  
And leſt the people, in ſoch captryuite,  
That in all the woldē, they wyſt not whyther to fle.  
The other iſ. trybes, whan they from me went back,  
To ydolatrye, I leſt in the hande of Sesack.  
The kyng of Egyp̄t, whych toke awaie their treasure,  
Conuayed their cartel, and slew them without measure,  
In tyme of Achas, an hondred thounſand and twentye,  
Were ſlayne at one tyme, for their ydolatrye.

Two hondred thonſande, from thens were captryue led,  
Their goodes dysperſed, and they with penurye fed.  
Seldom they ſayle ic, but eyther the Egipcyanes,  
Hauie them in bondaſge, or els the Assyreanes,  
And alone they maye, thankē their ydolatrye.

Eſaias Propheta.

Wele, yet blessed lorde, releue them with thy mercye.  
Though they haue bene yll, by other prynces dayes,  
Yet good Ezechias, hath taugh them godlye wyes.  
Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better.  
And as he is noughe, their vyses are the greater.  
Heauenly lorde therfor, ſende them the conſolacyon,  
Whych thou haſt couenantid, with every generacyon,  
Open thou the heauens, and lete the lambe come hyther,  
Whych wyll delynier thy people all togynher.  
Ye planetes and cloudes, caſt downe your dewes and rayne,  
That the earth maye beare, out helthfull ſaner playne.

Pater cœlestis

Maye

Actus Sextus

Maye the wyse forger, the chylde of her owne bôdye?  
Esaias Propheta,

Maye that she can not, in anye wyse verelye.  
Pater celestis

Nomore can I them, whych wyll do my comandementes,  
But must preserue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Esaias Propheta,

Blessed art thou lorde, in all thy actes and iudgementes.  
Pater celestis.

Wele, Esaias, for thy sydelyte,  
A couenant of helthe, thou shalt hane also of me,  
For Syons sake now, I wyll not holde my peace,  
And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease.  
Tyll that ryghteouse lorde, be come as a sunne beame bryghte,  
And their iust sauuer, as a lampe extende hys lyghte.

A rodde shall shut fourth, from the olde stocke of Jesse,  
And a bryghte blossome, from that rote wyll aryse.  
Upon whom alwayes, the sprete of the lorde shall be,  
The sprete of wysdome, the sprete of heauenly practyse.  
And the sprete that wyll all godlynnesse denyse,  
Take thy for a sygne, A mayde of Israel,  
Shall conceyue and beare, that lorde Emmanuel.

Esaias Propheta,

Thy prayses condygne, no mortall tunge can tell,  
Most worthye maker, and kyng of heauenlye glorye,  
For all capacytees, thy goodnesse doth excell,  
Thy plenteouse graces, no brayne can cumpas trulye,  
No wyt can conceyue, the greatnessse of thy mercye,  
Declared of late, in David thy true seruaunt,  
And now confirmed, in thy latter couenant.

Of goodnesse thou madest, Salomon of wyt most pregnant,  
Asa and Josaphat, with good kyng Ezechias,

In





Præsentis Tragedie,

In thy syght to do, that was to the ryght plesaunt,  
To quench ydolatrie, thou raysedest vp Helias;  
Jehu, Helisæus, Micheas, and Abdias,  
And Naaman Syrus, thou pourgedest of a leprye,  
Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnyfye?

Aryse Hierusalem, and take saythe by and bye,  
For the verye lyght, that shall saue the, is commynge,  
The sonne of the lorde, apere wyll euidentlye,  
Whan he shall resort, se that no Joye be wantyng;  
He is thy sauor, and thy lyfe euer lastyng,  
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.  
Help me in thy songe, to knowledge hys great goodnessse.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Iesse,

Quam chorus prosequetur cum organis,

Vel Anglice hoc modo canet.

O frutesfull rote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne amon  
ge people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall scarcely opē their  
mouthes, Whom the Gentyles shall worshypp as their hea  
uenly lorde, come now for to delvey vs, and delaye the tym  
no longar.

  
Finit actus Sextus.

Actus Septimus.

Pater celestis

I haue with fearenesse, in my yarde ofte hym is corrected.  
And agayne I haue allured hym by swete promes.  
I haue sent sore plages, whan he hath me neglected,  
And then by and by, most confortable swetes.  
To wynne hym to grace, both mycye and ryghteousnes.  
I haue exercysed, yet wyll h: not amende.  
Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defender?

In hys most myschef, most hygh grace wyll I sende,  
To ouercome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be.  
With hys abusyon, no long ir wyll I contende,  
But now accomplishyng, my first wyll and decree.  
My worde beyng flesh, from hens shall set hym fre,  
Hym reachinge a waye, of perfyght ryghteousnesse.  
That he shall not nede, to peryshe in hys wakenesse.

Ioann: baptista.

Manasse(slorde) is past, whych turned from the hys harte,  
Achas and Amon, haue now nomore a do.  
Jechonias with other, whych ded themselues auarte,  
From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go.  
The two false iudges, and Bels wycked prestes also,  
Phassur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,  
Antiochus and Triphon shall the dysplease nomore.

Thre score yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon,  
Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worshypynge.  
Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynyon,  
Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldynge,  
Ther hygh prestes were slayn, ther treasure came to nothyng  
The strength and bewtye, of thyne owne heretage.  
Thus dedest thou leue then, in myserable bondage.

Oft had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,  
And other prophetes, as Esay and Hieremye,

Sumtyme.





presentis Tragœdiae,

Suntyme by Daniel, suntyme by Ose and Johel,

By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,

By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,

By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,

By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch.

Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,

From the people then, restorynge thy lawes agayne.

Of Rechab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,

Whō to wyne drynkynge, no frysndshyppe nyght cōstraynes.

Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,

Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded reparē the temple,

And Jesus Iosefēch, of vertu the exemple,

Consydre Iehemias, and Esdras the good scrybe,

Mercuryfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.

Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,

Denoute Marthalias, and Judas Machabeus.

Hane mynde of Eleazar, and then Iohannes Hircanus,

Waye the ernest faythe, of thy sgodlye cumpayne,

Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye.

Pater cœlestis,

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,

Aygour and hardenesse, I haue now set a part,

Wynnyng from hens fourth, to wynne man evermore,

By wonderfull kyndenesse, to breate hys stubberne herte,

And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smerte,

In manys a frayle nature, for hys inyngyng,

Thys to make open, my messenger shal thube,

Iohannes baptista,

As thy pleasure is, so blessed lord appoynt me,

For my helthe thu art, and my sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis,

Longe ere I maderthe, I the pedestynate,

**L** **4** **B**efore

Actus Septimus.

Before thi wort borne, I the endued with grace,  
In thy mothers wombe, wert thi sanctyscate,  
By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,  
A Prophete to shewe, a waye before the face,  
Of my most dersomme, whych wyll come the vntyll.  
Applye the apace, thyne offyce to sulfyll.

Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,  
Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence.  
And saye vnto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum,  
Ioannes Baptista,

Unmete lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum;  
An other than that, Alac I haue no scyente,  
Syt for that offyce, meyther yet cleare eloquence.

Pater coelestis.

Thirshalt not saye so, for I haue gauen the grace,  
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desart place,  
Thu must do therfor, as I shall the aduyse,  
My appoynted pleasure, fourthvter in any wyse,  
My stronge myghtye wordes, put I into thy mouthe,  
Sparen not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia Ioannis digito tan  
get, ac or i imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle,  
The sprete of Helias, haue I gauen the alredye.  
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,  
And if they repente, their customeable folye,  
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye.  
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge,  
As a voyce in desart, se thu declare the thynge.

I promyse the sure, thu shalte washe hym amouge them,  
In Jordane a floude, not farre from Hierusalem.

Ioannes Baptista,

Shewe





*Prætermissus Tragœdias.*  
Shewe me yet good lord, wherby shall I knowe that me,  
In the multytlude, whych wyll resort to Jordans

Pater cœlestis:

In thy mothers womb, of hym haddeſt thou cognycyon,  
Ioannes Baptista.

Yea, that was in sprete, I wolde now knowe hys person.  
Pater cœlestis.

Haue thou no feare Johani, hym ſhalt thou knowe full well,  
And one ſpecyall token, afore wyll I the tell,  
Super quem uideris ſpiritum deſcendentem & manentem  
Super eum, hic eſt qui baptizat ſpiritu sancto

Amonge all other, whom thou ſhalt baptyſe there,  
Upon whom thou ſeyst, the holy Ghost deſcende,  
In ſhappe of a dove, reſtyng upon hys ſhuldere.  
Holde hym for the ſame, that ſhall the worlde amende,  
By baptym of sprete, and alſo to man extende,  
Moſt ſpecyall grace. For he muſt repare hys fall,  
Reſtorynge agayne, the iuſtynce orygynall.

Taſk now thy iournaye, and do as I the aduyſe,  
First preache repentaunce, and than the people baptyſe;  
Ioannes baptista.

Hygh honour, moſhypp, and glorye be vnto the,  
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryce.

Repent good people, for ſynnes that now are paſt,  
The kyngedome of heauen, is at hande very nye.  
The promyſed lyght, to yow approcheth fast,  
Haue faythe, and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.  
I am not the lyght, but to beare teſtimonye,  
Of hym, am I ſent, that all men maye beleue,  
That hys bloude he wyll, for their redempcyon gene.

He is ſoþ a lyȝt, as all men doþ illumyne,  
That euer were here, or ſhall be after thys,

**E** iii **All**

All the worlde he made, by hys mygheye power deuyne,  
 And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is.  
 Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.  
 They that receyue hym, are Gods true chylđren playne,  
 Insprete regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.

Manye do recken, that I Johā Baptyst am he,  
 Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in space.  
 Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,  
 We are weake vessels, he is the welle of grace,  
 Of hys great goodnessse, all that we haue we purchace.  
 By hym are we lyke, to haue a better incres,  
 Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses harde lawe, we had not clā but darkenes,  
 Sygure and shaddowe. All was not e's but nyght,  
 Ponnyshment for synne, moch ryghe payne and ronghnes,  
 An hygh change is there, wherz all is turned to lyght,  
 Grace and remyssyon, anon wyll shyne full bryght,  
 Neuer man lyued, that euer se God afore,  
 Whych now in our kynde, manys a rygne wyll restore.  
 Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,  
 Whych am vnto Christ, a cryars voyce in the desart,  
 To ptepare the patches, and hygh wayes hym before,  
 For hys delyght is, on the poore symple herte.  
 That innocent lambe, from soch wyll neuer depart,  
 As wyll faythfullye receyue hym with good mynde.  
 Lete our voyce then sounde, in some swete musycall kynde.

Resonatunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clavis Dauid,  
 Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic.

O perfyght keye of Dauid, and hygh sceptre of the kyng  
 dred of Jacob, whych openness and no man speareth, thu speare  
 rest





Conclusio.

test and no man openeth, come & deluyer thy seruant man-  
kynde bounde, in prison syttinge in the darkenesse of syne  
and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Prolocutor.

**T**he matters are soch, that we haue vittered here,  
As ongh: nor to slyde, from your memoryall,  
For they haue opened, soch confortable geres,  
As is to the helthe, of thys kynde vnyuersall,  
Graces of the lorde, and promyses lyberall,  
Whych he hath geuen, to man for every age,  
To knyce hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.  
As Saynt Paule doth write, vnto the Corinthes playne,  
Our fore fathers were, vndre the cloude of darkenes,  
And vnto Christes dayes, ded in the shaddowe remayne,  
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,  
All they receyued, one spirytuall fedynge doubleles.  
They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreshed,  
For onesaynge helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.

In the w'mans sede, was Adam first instyfyed,  
So was faytfull Noah, so was iust Abraham,  
The faythe in that sede, in Moses fourth mulyplied,  
Lyke w'ye in Dauid, and Esay'e, that after cam.  
And in Iohan Bapyst, whych shewed the very lame,  
Though theyse a farre, yet all they had one in styce,  
One Masselas they call it, and in Christ one sacryfice,  
A man can nothare, to God do better seruycie,  
Than on thys to grounde, hys faythe and vnderstandynge,  
For all the woldes synne, alone Christ payed the prycie,  
In hys onlye deache, was manrys lyfe awytes reslyngie,  
And not in wyll wortes, nor yet in menrys deseruyngie,  
The lyght of our faythe, make thys thynge euydencie,

Conclusio.

And not shew piaçyse of other experimēt.

Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleasure,  
Do good of themselves, though grace and fayth be absent,  
And haue good intentes, their madnesse wittē to measure,  
The wyll of the fleshe, is proued here small treasure,  
And so is manrys wyll, for the grace of God doth all,  
More of thy matter, conclude herafter we shall.



Strange & vnbelye  
Thus endeth thy Tragedy or enterlai  
de manyfestyng the chefe promyses of God vnto Man by  
all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam,  
to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus

Christ. Compyled by Joh

han Bale. Anno domini,

M. D. XXXVIII.





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